

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1918.

WHEN AMERICA CAME IN

The list of 117 men of the 104th Infantry who were decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* for the fight they fought at Apremont Wood is fresh evidence of how infinite is the variety of that blend of peoples which we call America.

Read the list of names and see how many are the nations which have contributed to that New England regiment, true army of a democracy made up of the hopeful men and women who, consciously or unconsciously, came to our shores because ours was a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

French, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Serbian, Lithuanian, Russian—all are here. And German. For we may guess that some of the names in this honor list point back through the generations to those Germans who, long ago, sailed heart-sick from the Fatherland because their revolution had failed and who now are sending their children and their children's children back across the seas to fight on the soil of invaded France the ugly Prussian tyranny they themselves had fled from Germany to escape.

John B. Desvalles, John H. Murphy, Max Levine, Fred D. Christiansen, Nicholas Waskewich, Richard M. Weiser, Arthur L. McDonald, Frank B. Amaral, William Penn, Ygnas Peredun, John Stefaniak, Egidio Donnison, Warren R. Proulx, Charles F. O'Leary, William F. Wruck, David A. Casagrande, Stanley Grezwacz, Lee P. T. Jacques—why, it reads like a roll call of the peoples of the world.

It was all the world that went to war with Germany when America came in.

THE ANSWER

A German statesman the other day, with the pointlessness of a man who has just discovered something, remarked: "We get through the British line and gain 25 miles of territory, and their answer is a man power." Bill taking men of 50 into the Army.

"How," he asked, "can we whip an enemy like that?"

He was discussing one of three powerful nations which German militarists had hoped, in one powerful blow, to crush. We should like to direct his attention to France.

From a hundred different sources comes the word this spring that the French Army never has been in finer fettle, that never has it shown the dash, the spirit, the irresistible will that it does now. French divisions go into the line, not only with enthusiasm, but with rejoicing—with a do or die spirit that is unconquerable. And it but symbolizes a nation that, after four years of war, talks not of defeat, but determinedly of victory.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

After a year of preparation, the United States has a million and a half men drilled and equipped. She has her factories humming on munitions and her shipyards building 60,000 tons of ships a week.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

How can Germany whip these three nations?

There is but one answer—and Germany herself will know it before many months have passed:

Germany can't.

YOUR PAPER BACK HOME

This paper of yours, soberly, modestly and literally, has made a big hit back home. It hasn't made its hit only because of its subject matter and get-up and style; it's made its hit largely because it's been your paper.

The folks at home are interested in everything that pertains to you, your work, your play, your chow, your clothes. The main, we might say the sole, reason why this paper of yours has made good with them is because it's stuck close to you. It proposes to stick just as close in future.

Big papers at home, with big things to take up their space, have laid themselves out to reproduce whole first pages of THE STARS AND STRIPES in full, with explanatory stories underneath. Little papers, to whom such a sacrifice of space means a mounting cost of white paper and a loss of advertising wherewithal, have done the same, regardless of expense. Never in the history of American journalism did a new paper, a young paper, a weekly paper published 3,000 and more miles away from the United States, get such publicity, such praise, from its contemporaries. And you are the ones responsible. We hope you're pleased.

Of the many pats-on-the-back we have received as your representatives, one specimen will suffice. It is from *The Editor and Publisher*, the foremost "newspaper man's paper" of the United States. It says: "THE STARS AND STRIPES is more American in tone and style than many

of our home newspapers, and it mirrors the spirit of the American Army."

We can ask for no more than that. We hope so to work from now on, for you and with you, that we shall continue to be worthy of that description.

ON BEING A BUCK

We quote the following from a "Doughboy's Dictionary" as published in *Judge*, of New York:

"BUCK PRIVATE—The poor devil who does all the work and gets the least pay."

Oh, dear! *Judge*, like so many of our well-meaning contemporaries back home, has got it all wrong.

"The poor devil!" Say not so. The buck private is the luckiest guy in the Army—the luckiest and the happiest.

Everything is done for him, everything planned out for him, everything issued to him when it can be got, every higher officer exists but to serve him and make his path easier and to take the worry and the fret and the planning off his shoulders.

In fact, the Army takes everything off his shoulders but his pack and his gun.

"Who does all the work?" Wrong again; the buck goes to bed at taps, and—unless he is on guard or K. P.—has nothing on his mind but his hair until reveille.

The Loois, and the Skippers, and the Oak-leaves and the Eagles and the Stars know no taps. Their name is certainly not Eva-I-don't-care.

"And gets the least pay!" Yes, but what pay the buck does get, after all the deductions are made, is his. He isn't taxed \$300 or so for a new equipment when he joins; he doesn't have to buy a blooming Sam Browne belt or spurs or boots or insignia.

No, Sister *Judge*, you're wrong. The buck is the best off of the whole lot. He's got the only sure and steady job in the whole Army. He's the only man who can't be busted.

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The Listening Post

A BALLADE OF MATTERS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

(Being an American version of M. Francois Villon's slangy ballade)

I'm not a pimp; I'm not a joe;
I'm on when cream is full of flies.
And by their clothes I always know
A lot about these dressy guys.
I know black clouds from sunny skies;
I know a dead one from a pop;
I know the phony from the prize—
But to myself I am not hep.

I'm jerry to the fashions, bo;
I make the clerics by their ties;
I know the high birds from the low,
And cherry tarts from apple pies.
I know the veggie and the Cys;
I know "Both gates!" and "Watch your step!"
I know the Bourbons from the ryes—
But to myself I am not hep.

I know the sunshine from the snow;
The truthful man from him who lies;
I know 16 from Double-O;
Ben Davises from Northern Spies.
I know some Janes who have some eyes;
I know the honey from the skep;
I know just how to balladeize—
But to myself I am not hep.

I know the clergies by their ties;
I know the high birds from the low,
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